



**p**  
zine

**glamour**  
14.2 *edition*



# ISSUE 14: THE GLAMOUR EDITION VOLUME 2

"For anyone who refuses to dull their shine for the world."

## COVER: PROM DATE

Photographer: Halle Hirota, @period.stain2.0  
Model: Malcolm Omoruyi, @malcolm.omoruyi



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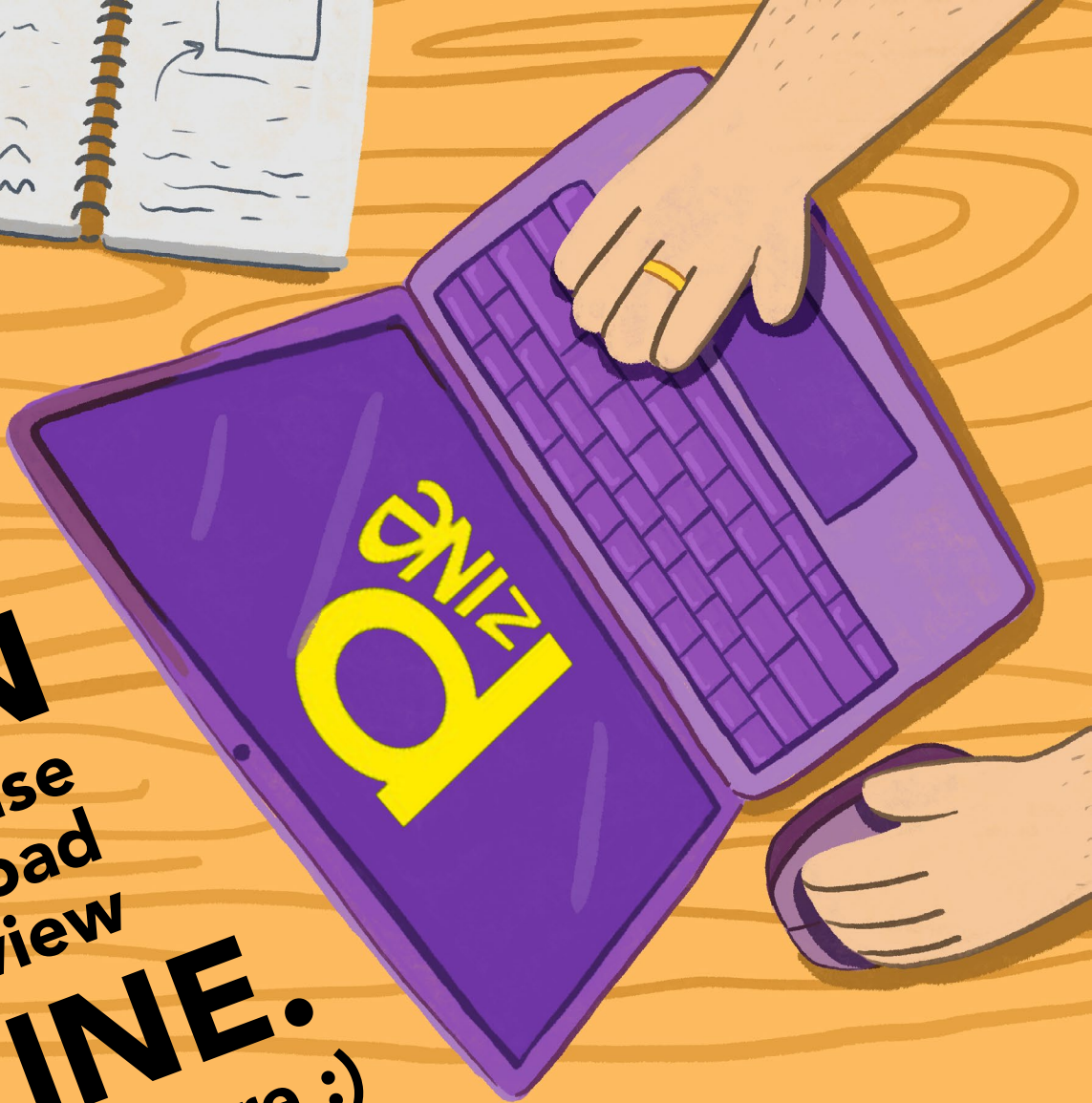




**GLAM up!**  
Switch to a **tablet or laptop**  
**FULL SCREEN**  
viewing experience  
the **Issue**  
our magazine  
the



desktop for a  
**SCREEN**  
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# BLACK MATTER

**CLICK HERE TO DONATE, ACCESS  
HAVE IDEAS FOR MAKING POLEMICAL ZIN**



**K LIVES**

**ER TODAY  
TOMORROW  
FOREVER**

**SS RESOURCES, & LEARN MORE.  
NE MORE INCLUSIVE? PLEASE EMAIL US.**



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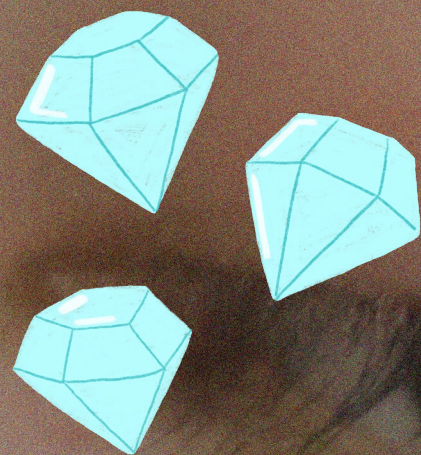
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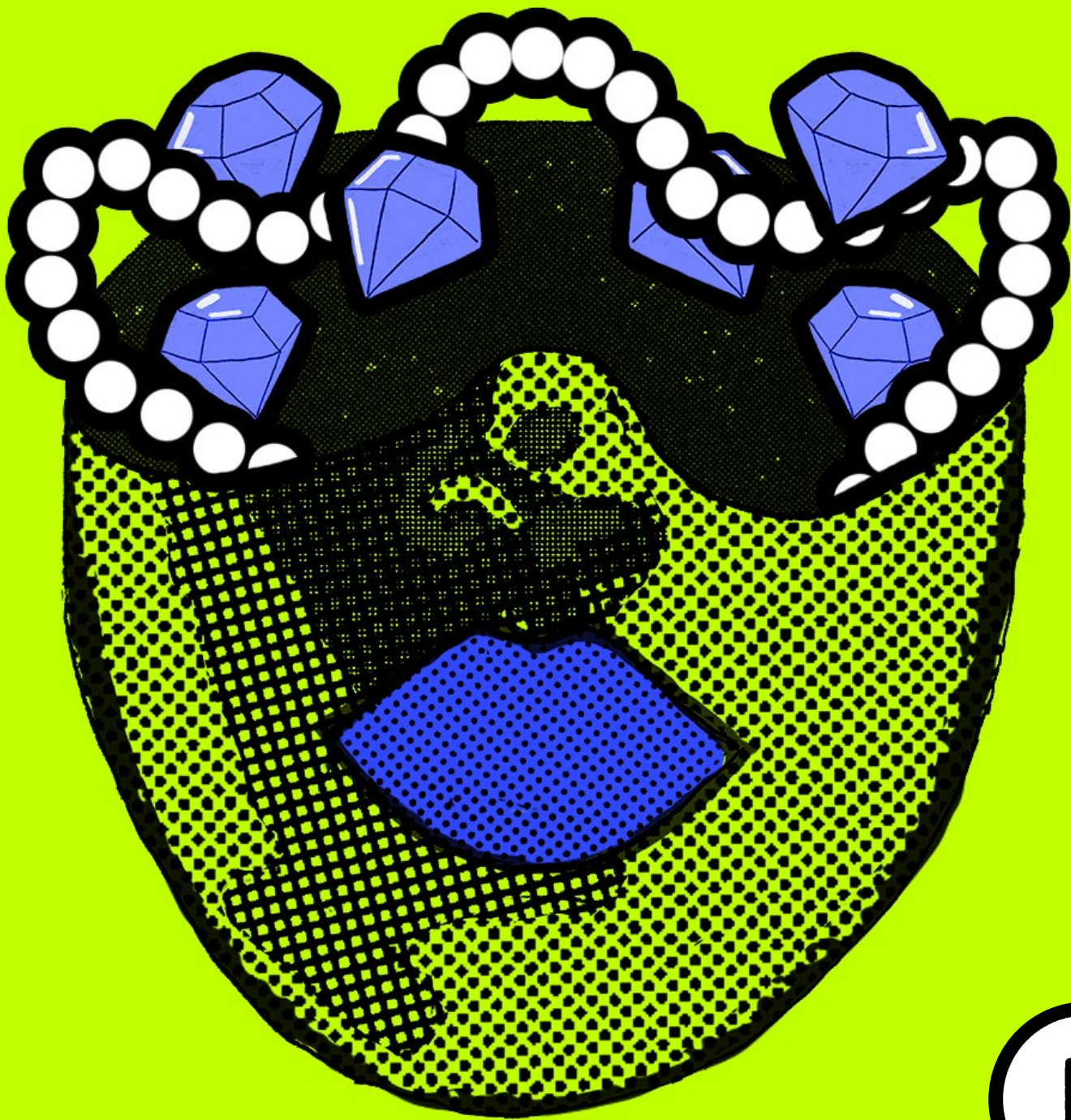


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# POSTSCRIPTS

## **2:03-10:38      PHOTOGRAPHY**

Becca Berri, @becca.berri

## **11:45-20:07      WRITING/POETRY**

L. Cable, @lukecable\_isunstable

## **21:02-29:55      VISUAL ART**

Tegan Iverson, @teganiversen

## **31:00-39:26      MUSIC/VIDEO**

Subhash Maskara, @subhashmaskara



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NEW **PODCAST!**







# EMPTY SPACES

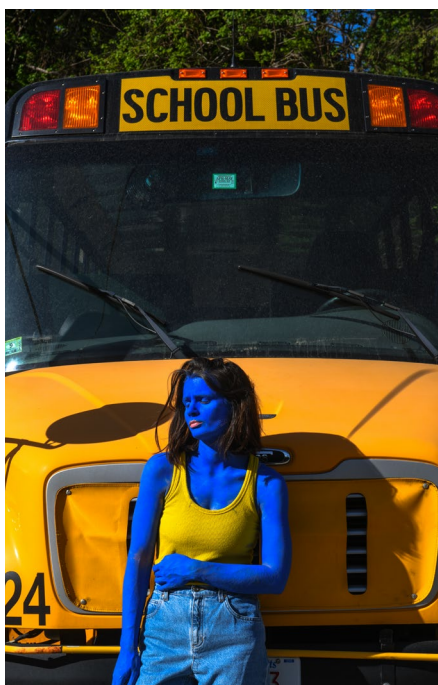
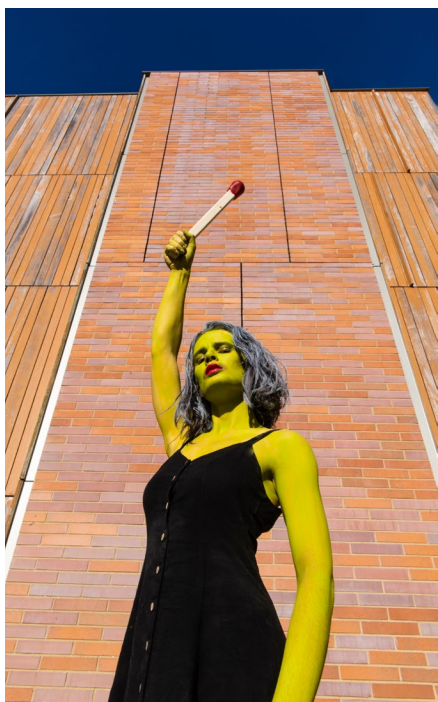


PHOTO SERIES: JAINA CIPRIANO  
INTERVIEW BY BRIAN MICHAEL BARBEITO



**In your work in general I was struck right away by the set designs. I felt that all the things from the colour to the choice of subject matter and use of lighting make the viewer feel as if they are in that highly unique world. Can you say something about the work that goes into set design?**

I love building my own worlds. Ever since I was a child I enjoyed being immersed in an environment, especially a fabricated one. I felt at home in theme parks and onstage sets.

Working with my hands is the only way I know to access meditation. Everything falls away and I am communicating with the materials and the tools. There is always a problem to solve and I love that. There is a satisfaction in building that is unique.

**While observing the work I felt a sense of confidence meaning that there is somewhere a great faith in what you are portraying in any given photograph. Can you say something about your obvious ability to actualize and make real so well what you have conceived somewhere only as an idea first?**

It is about feeling and being able to surrender to the process. I must make everything sing together – the colors, clothing, objects, subject, gesture, lighting and

location – all in perfect harmony so they speak the same truth.

I want to realize emotions. I don't often go out to work on a preconceived image because I like to be surprised. While working on this project I would often plan one aspect of my shoot - today I am going to paint myself green - and then just work until the image feels right. I would rather work this way because it keeps me open to learning, exploring and experiencing things I would not have if I had planned everything ahead of time.

**In your latest project I found as a viewer that before thinking about a given image, that I was simply admiring the amount of work and care undertaken in costume, setting and paint and design. Bob Dylan when asked to define himself once said, 'Why would I want to define myself?' Yet, that being said, how else do you define yourself in artistic terms besides as a photographer?**

I am a maker. I love to create and build something up from nothing. Sometimes that is a wooden staircase to nowhere or welding a dolly cart for my short film production. Other times it is painting walls, faces or cinder blocks. I love the process of creating. Building up an idea. I am vastly curious, willing to work long and hard and I love being

challenged.

I am a translator of emotions. My work centers around solidifying a feeling in an image. I am trying to communicate all of our subconscious emotions, bringing them out into sunlight so we can understand them better.

**This series shows strength by the artist creating alone in these times. How did you conceive this project and how hard or easy do you find working alone?**

External events affect me deeply. The pandemic coincided with several personal upheavals and left me feeling ungrounded. Creativity is my tether to the world and I wanted to do something that I could relax into and lose myself in. What's more fun than playing dress-up?

In these photos I make myself into characters that have an easier time than Jaina does expressing their current discomfort. They are able to do this without judgement by stretching out in many suddenly empty spaces. They recognize there is a strange sense of strength that comes from prolonged isolation, even when it hurts the most.

**My favourite images – though all were thought provoking and striking – were 15 and 17. In 15 it is a black and white of the artist looking in the direction of branches that have cast**



# READY TO BURN IT ALL DOWN OR SOMETHING BETTER

their shadows upon the wall and seeming unsure or at least thoughtful. In 17 the subject is among bright colours and is in an opposite stance – strong, confident, with this unique match and arm raised. Could you say something about these two images and why you created them?

Pandemic aside, my life is at a place of renewal. I am letting go of so much that doesn't serve me and working towards a truly fulfilling life. It is scary and I often feel sick when I think about it. Green to her gills and holding up a giant

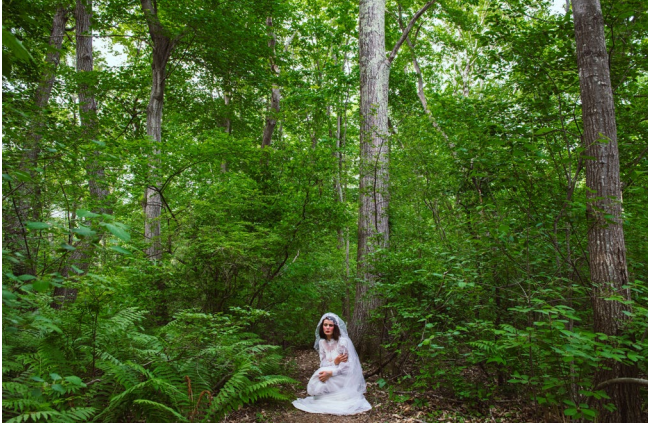
match is Jaina ready to burn it all down for something better, no matter how bad it may feel.

Social distancing and quarantine have been a reminder of a time in my life where I believed I needed to isolate myself from everyone in order to stay safe. It was frightening. The pandemic is different, but some days I forget that. The black and white image is a small girl afraid of her own shadow, it's a real fear that has yet to leave my body.

INTERVIEWER: BRIAN  
MICHAEL BARBEITO  
@BRIANBARBEITO







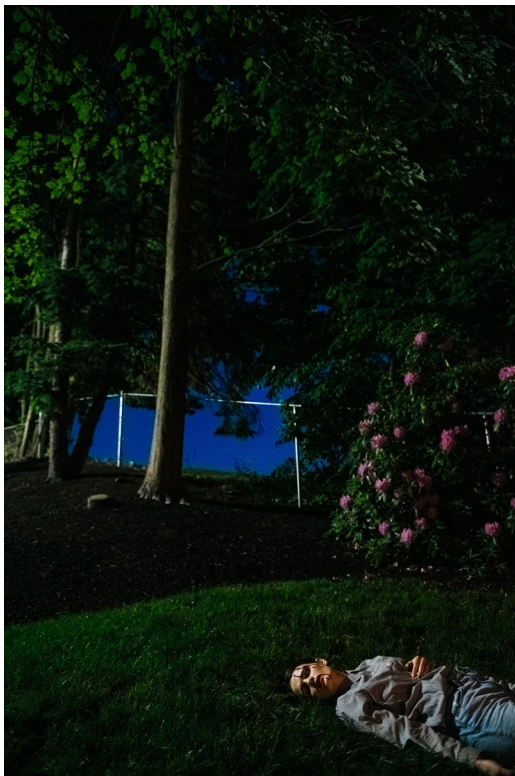
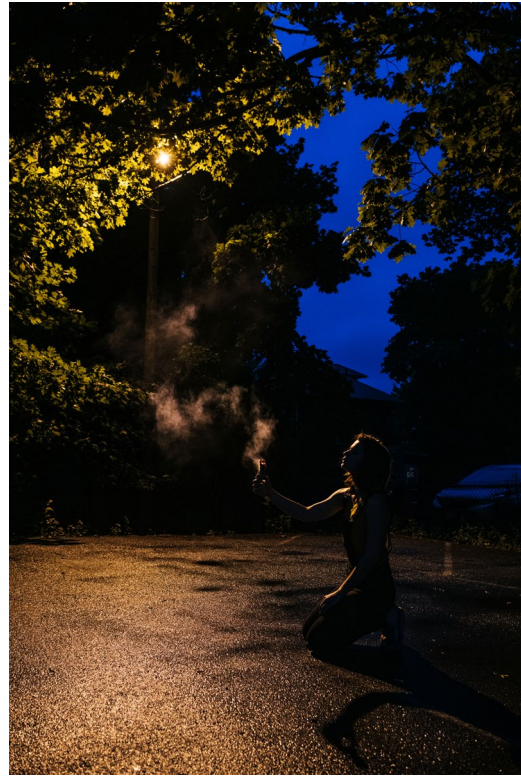
















DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION, 2019. PRIVATE COMMISSION FOR  
BURLESQUE PERFORMER MAE DE LA RUE.

@MAEDELARUE





DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION, 2020. PERSONAL WORK.



























Victoria Valuk is an artist from Europe. She lives and works in Belarus. She entered the art world with great passion and inspiration. She likes to evoke emotions and capture philosophy and beauty in her art works. Victoria had solo art exhibitions in different countries and also participated in international group exhibitions. Victoria Valuk's art is a tribute to life, nature, aesthetics and beauty.

[artvaluk.wordpress.com/collections/](https://artvaluk.wordpress.com/collections/)



the coveted golden hour  
that alights dimensions and  
sneaks glow from the sky

to paint across cheekbones  
illuminates what is cherished  
the cut of highlight over lips

dripping sun straight upon  
mildew eyelashes  
it's there to bring forth

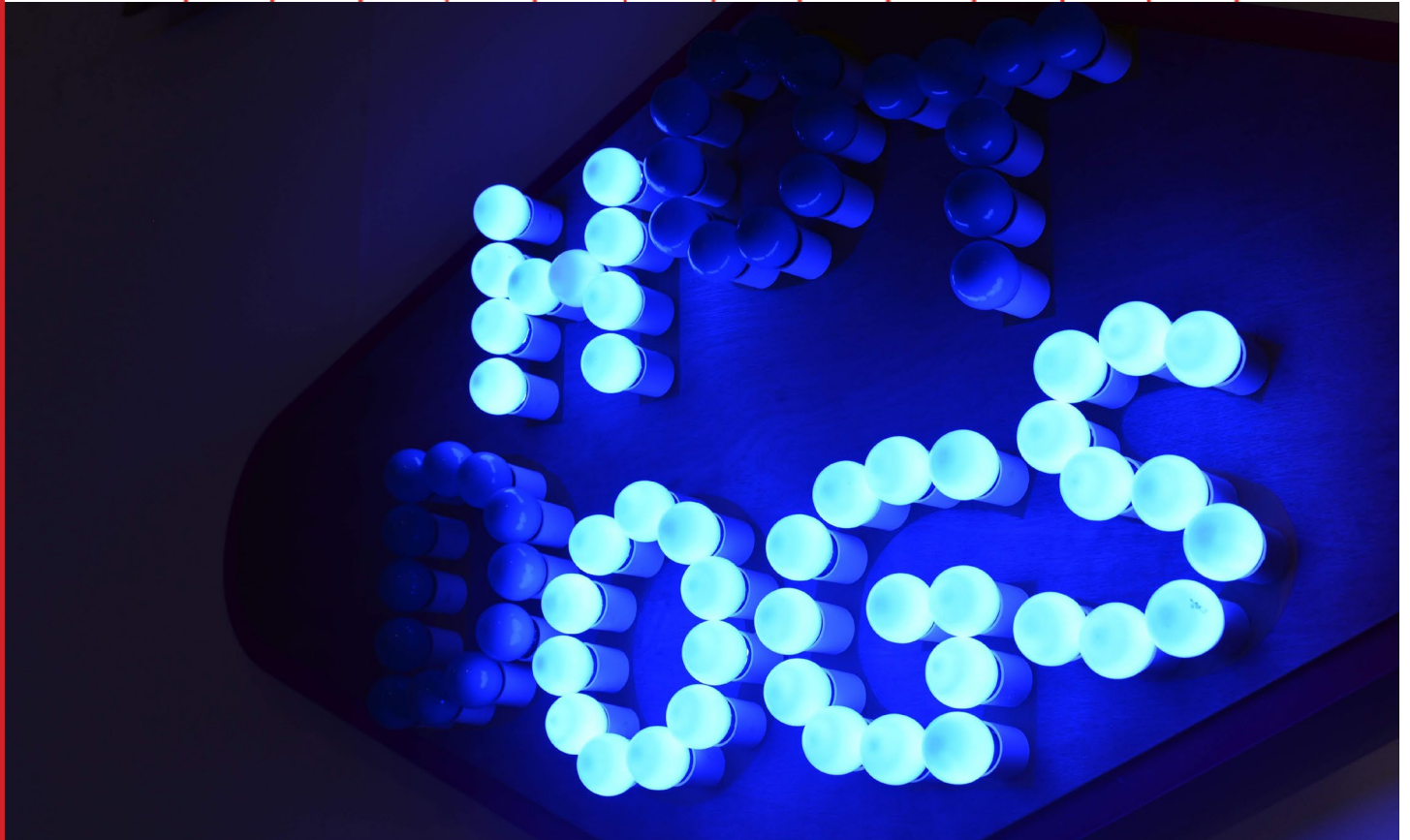
what's already laid out  
the softness of the light  
resting inside you

t.g.



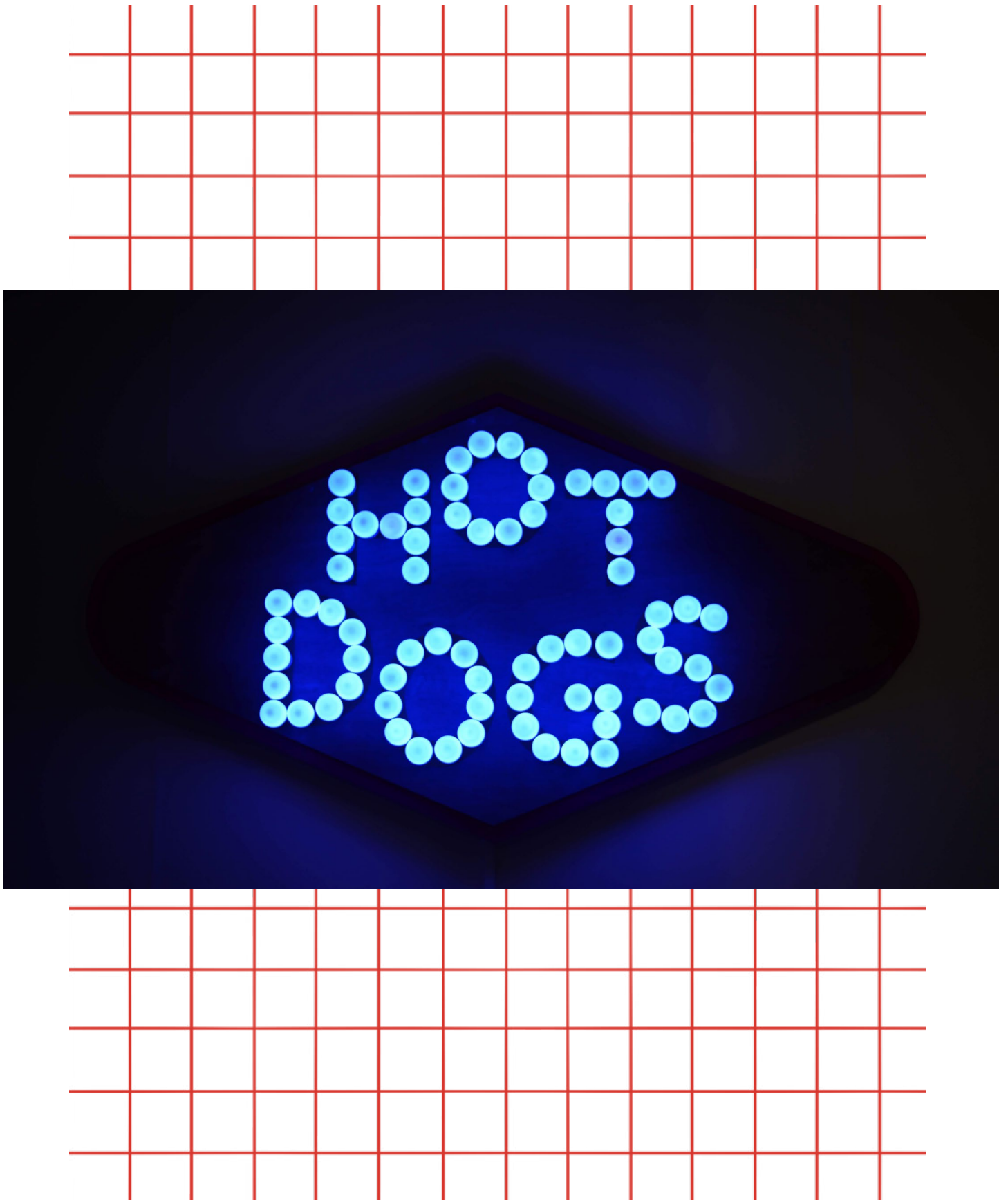




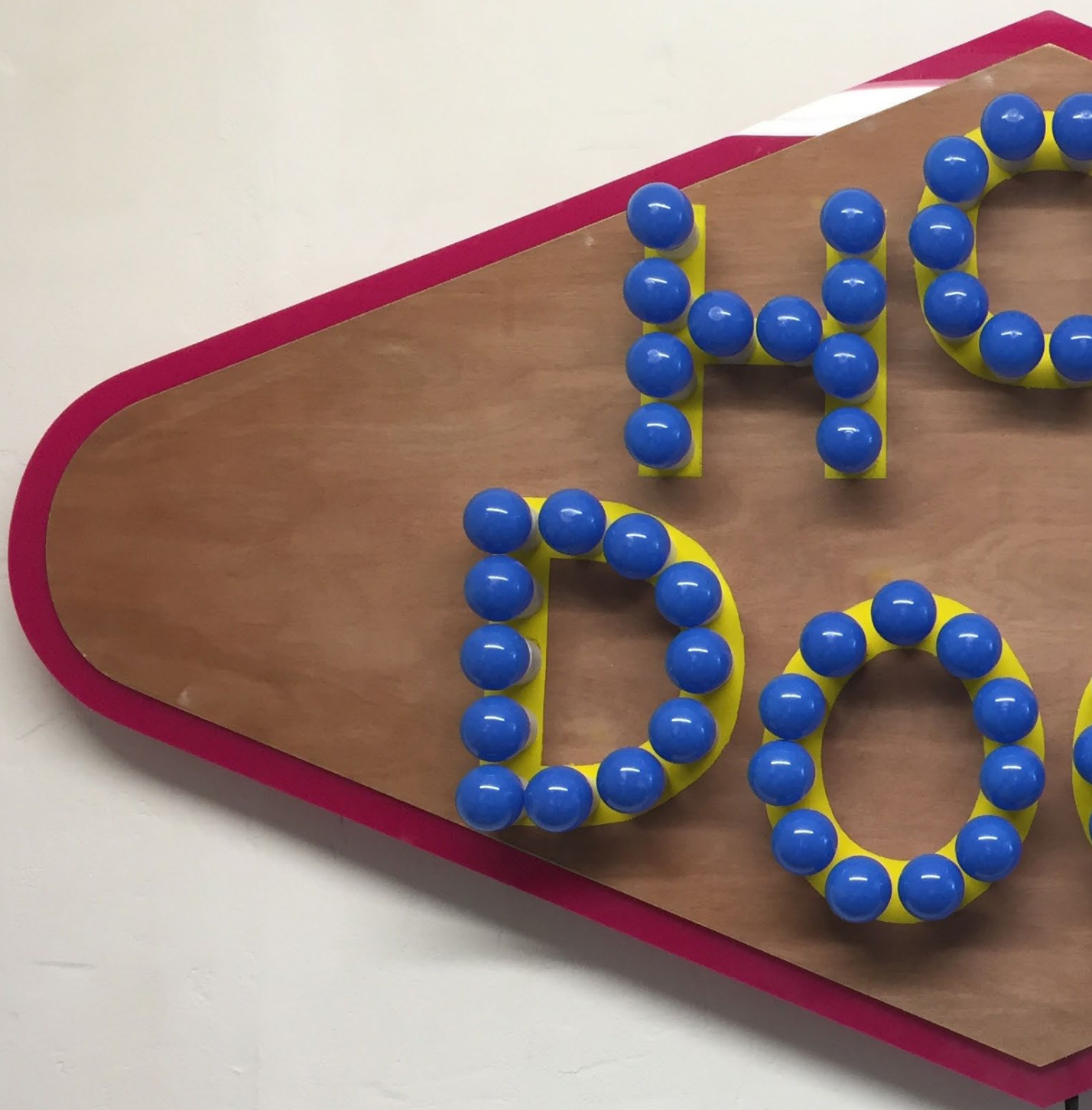


Inspired by the light strip of Las Vegas - a place of tack, glamour and money - this animated light sculpture, Hogs, challenges and criticises ideas around class, (fast) food and the greed of our consumerist culture.

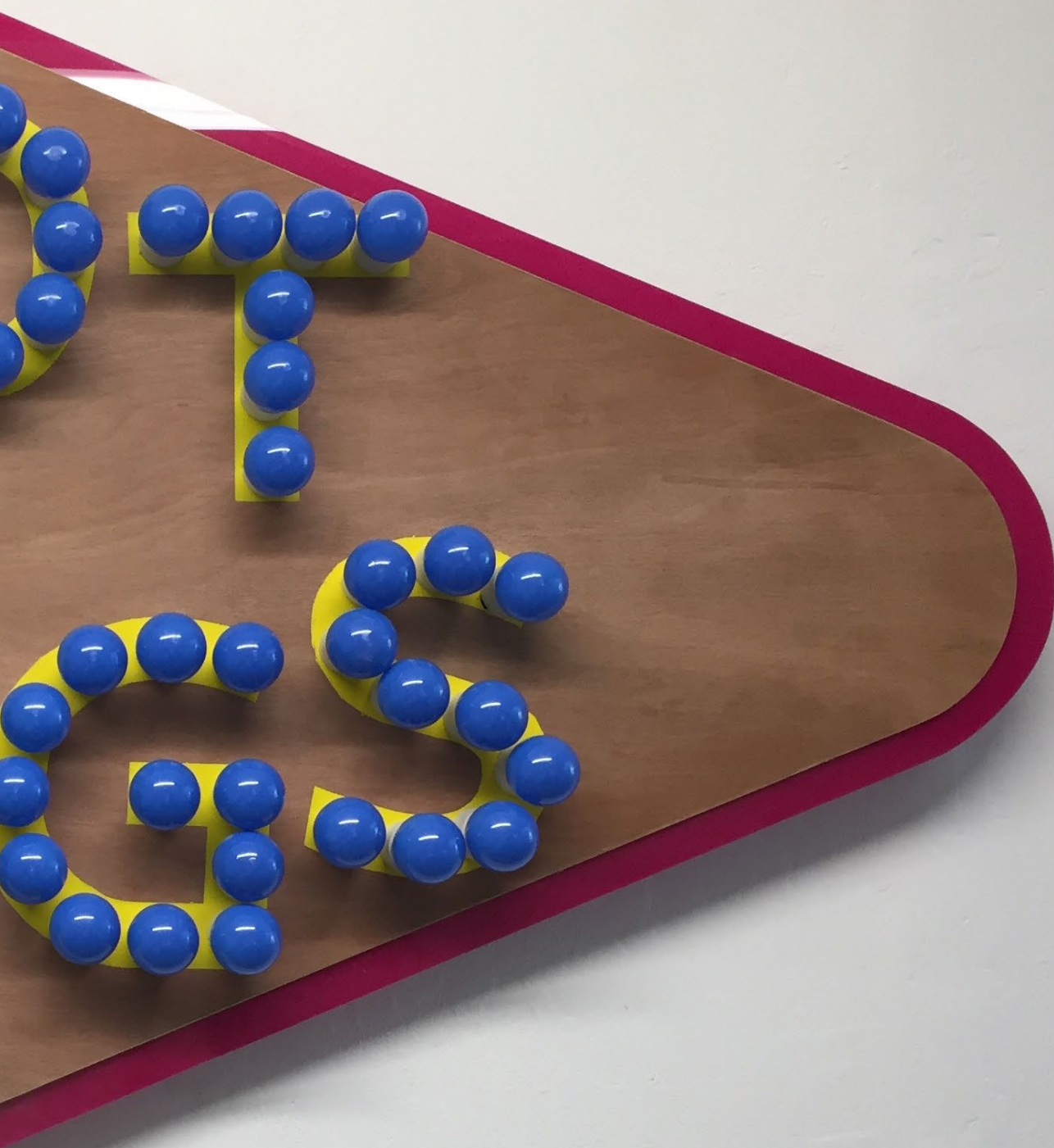
















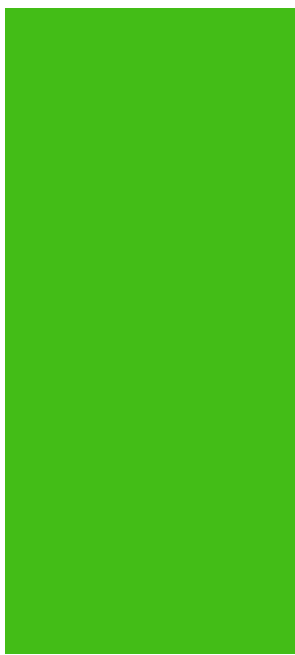
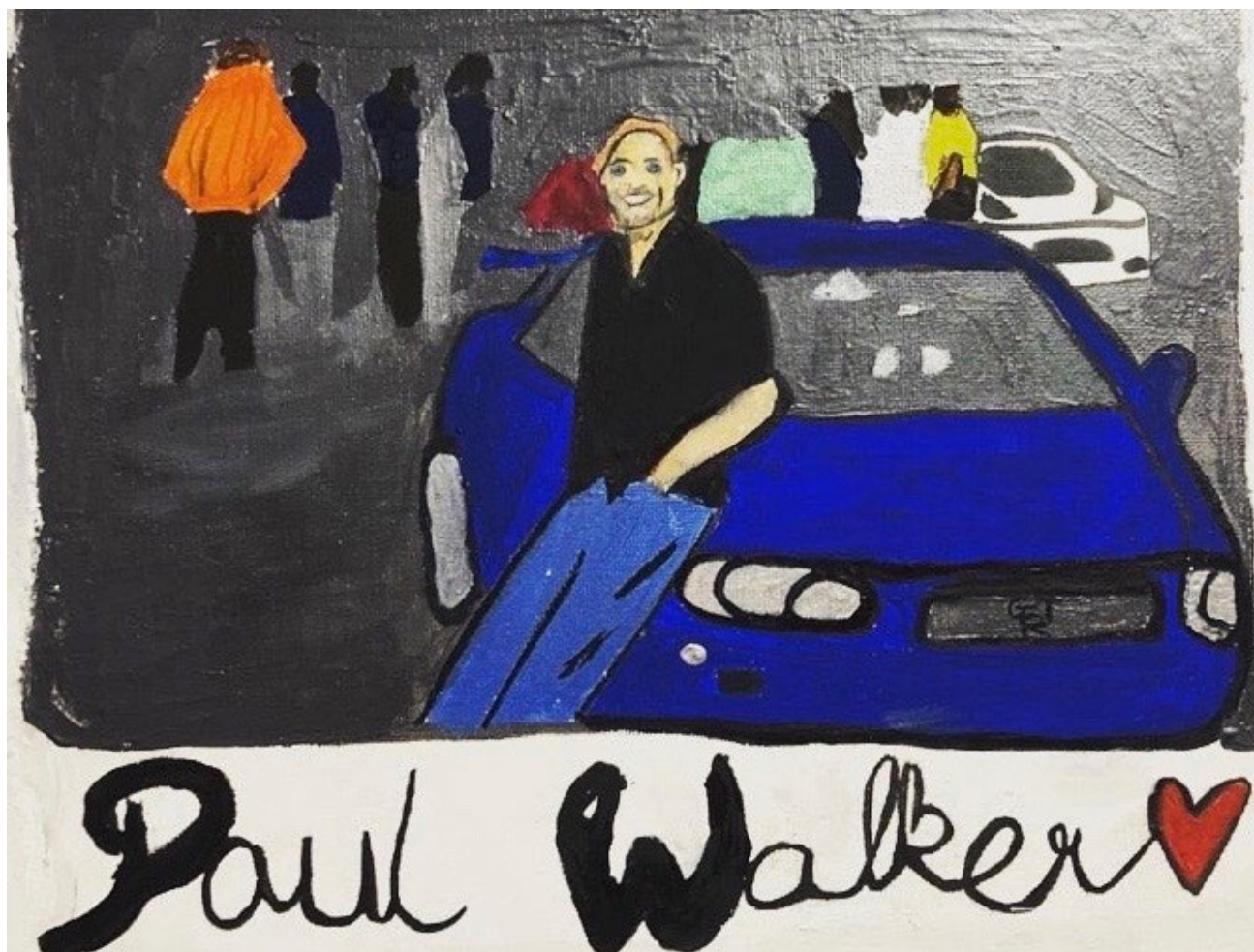
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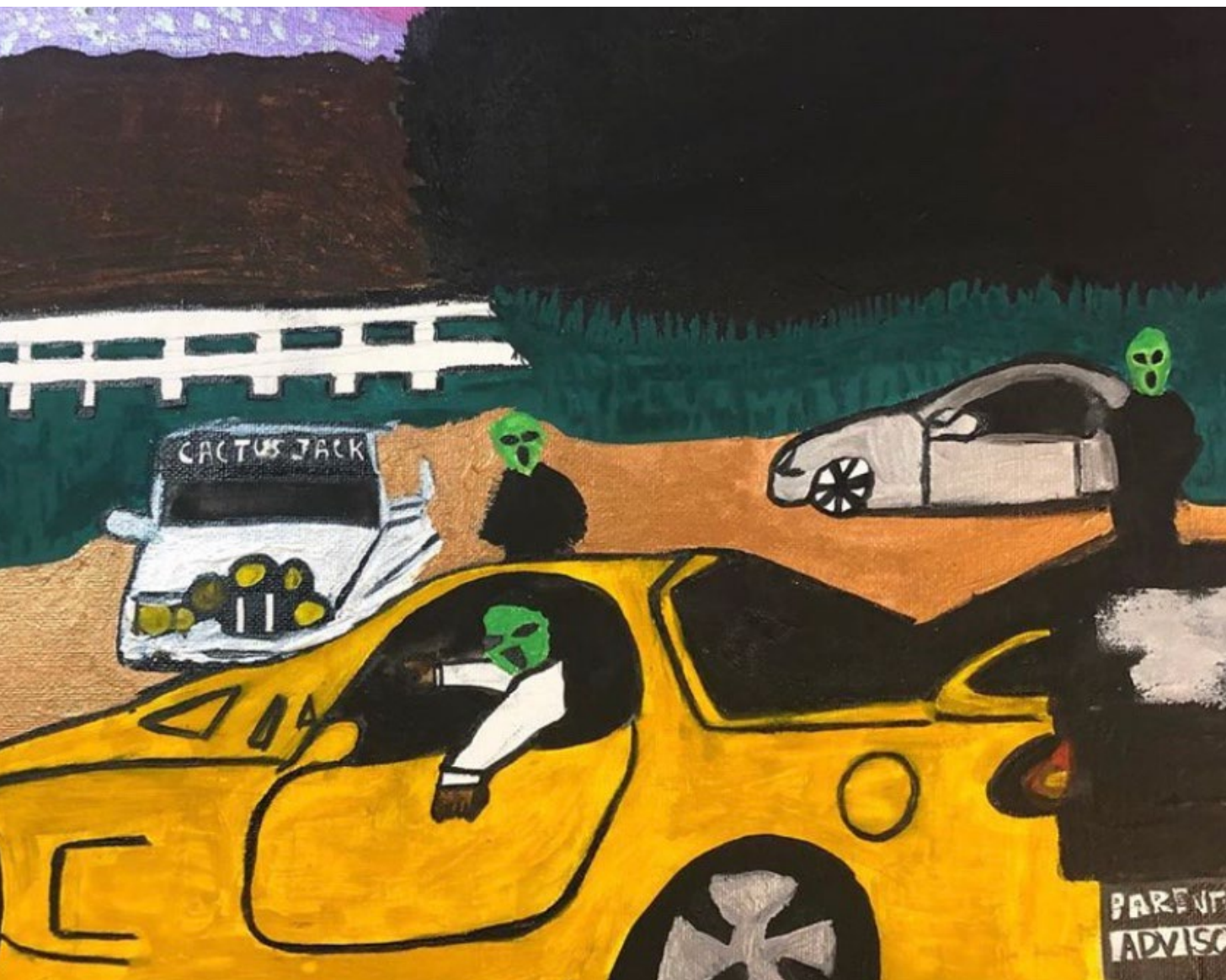


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YOUR STANDARDS FUCK YOUR STANDARDS  
FUCK YOUR STANDARDS FUCK  
FUCK YOUR STANDARDS FUCK  
FUCK YOUR STANDARDS FUCK



MODEL  
MUA

@DANIELLESOLOSCRIBBLINGS  
@TERRIBLYCOMPOSED

@BECCA



I LOVE BUG SUSHI LOVE BUG SUSHI LOVE BUG

G SUSHI LOVE BUG SUSHI LOVE BUG SUSHI L



OVE BUG SUSHI LOVE BUG SUSHI

**@WITHLOVELINGERIE**  
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**@MILLWORKSCREATIVE**













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Worked Hard for Mine

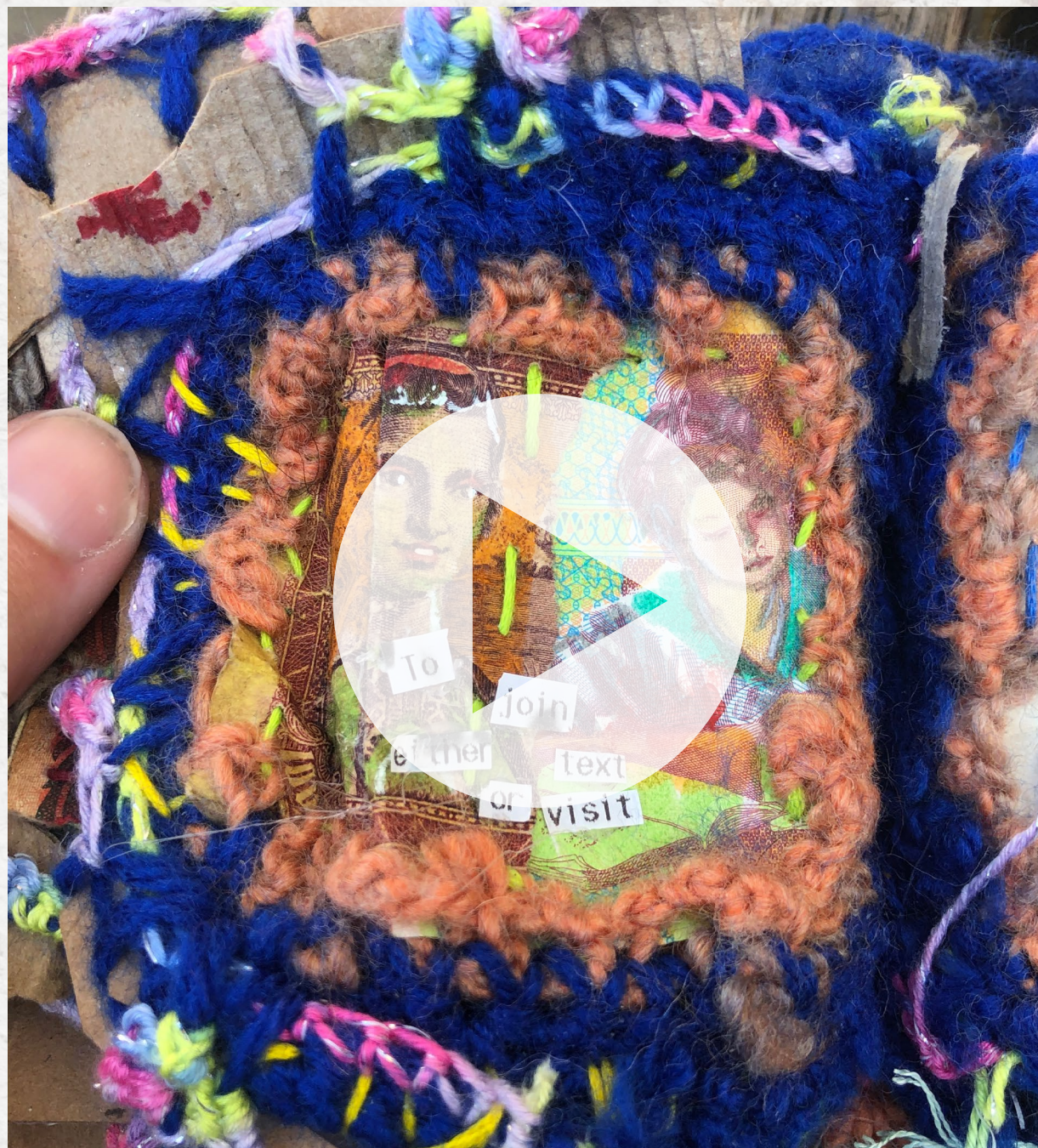
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She Gave You All the Signs











# AN UNEXPECTED STATUS SYMBOL

BY BELLA LEVAVI

Pinstripes is a high-end bowling alley in the far northern Chicago suburbs. This is not the bowling alley of the Dude from The Big Lebowski. Pinstripes is for people with fine tastes. Only the coolest, richest students from Solomon Schechter Day School DARE to have their Bar Mitzvah parties in the beloved Pinstripes.

But when the perfect, cool, rich Solomon Schechter 12-year-old comes along, we have a field day.



The “cool” articles of clothing to wear in middle school in 2012 were your classic Ugg boots, circle skirts, and Abercrombie hoodies. But the real cool piece was a crisp white pair of stolen Pinstripes socks.

Hidden under every pre-pubescent and mid-pubescent kid’s Converse and Nikes were a mysterious pair of free socks that no parent bought in a 12 pack or was received as a Hanukkah present.

The Solomon Schechter middle school class of 2014 deserves a huge shout-out in the Glamour department. My class single-handedly created an anarchist status symbol in a time in young people’s lives where trends and labels matter most. Class of 2014 leveled the playing field between CEO’s children, scholarship kids, and everyone in between, by instead making it a contest of who had the most chutzpah. Somehow these tweens accidentally created a system that went one step closer to not valuing a person by the label of their clothes, but by the cojones of their character.

**A piece I wrote after cleaning out my sock drawer.**







auroram

I'm inspired by nature and the materials themselves. I especially enjoy working in natural stones; they are so captivating! There is something fascinating



[mosaics.com/portfolio](https://mosaics.com/portfolio)

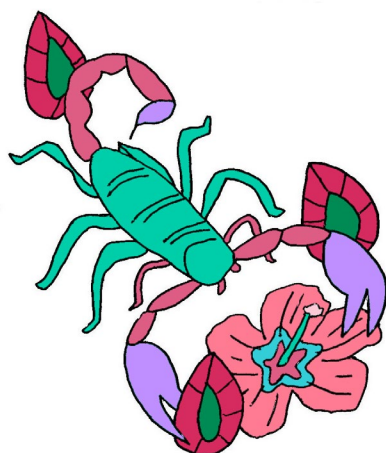


about opening a stone  
with a hammer. The  
hidden veins, colours,  
and arrangement of the  
minerals sometimes all  
come as a surprise.



# HOROS

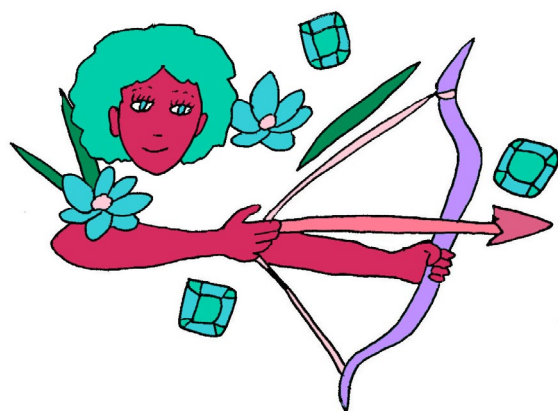
Welcome one and all to the smoky and sexy time of the Scorpio. Pack away your sentimental the intensity, the brooding, and the sex appeal. With Mars and Pluto in full control, the dark vibe take yo



SCORPIO

## OCT. 24 - NOV 21

I know you're feeling like life is passing you by, and this is going to be amplified in the middle of October, but you're doing your best. Forgive the small things and remember you're living through a pandemic - staying alive and healthy is the biggest achievement. And yes, this does count your mental health, so just because it's your time doesn't mean you can dive head first into the abyss without consequences



SAGITTARIUS

## NOV 22 - DEC 21

Spend time carefully researching any new career prospects; not everything is as it seems. You're going to get the urge to purge - old projects that is. Finish what you can to keep you from flying away, but after that, feel free to pack up for a staycation.



# COPEES

lity and get out your sexy black boots because the full moon is on All Hallows' Eve! Get ready for mess and spooky times are upon us, but this is also a time for rebirth. Let the reckless and fearless u - within reason.



CAPRICORN

## DEC 22 - JAN 19

You deserve the self esteem boost that's headed your way, but don't let it get to your head. Something will happen this month fueled by the darkness of Pluto. Take it in stride. Lean on family and reassess your inner circle.

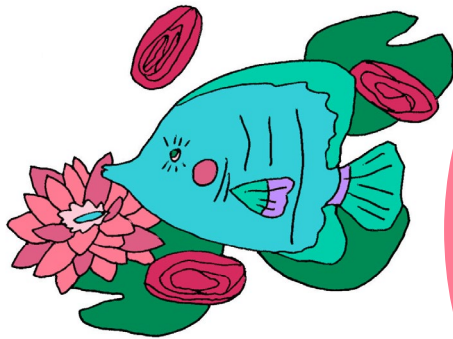


AQUARIUS

## JAN 20 - FEB 18

You are definitely passing the vibe check this month. Suitors are going to be knocking at your DMs, so let them in! You need to fill up your roster, and don't resign the washed up players. The new moon is on October 16th and the full on the 31st, and while this seems an ideal spooky addition, it's actually a warning for you. Don't expose yourself to unnecessary risk.





PISCES

### FEB 19 - MAR 20

Expansion is the name of the game this month: expanding horizons with friends, love, and most importantly yourself. After being in your head, try not to overanalyze or make rash decisions at work. You've been working hard, so spend some money to treat yourself. If that's not in the budget, look up free ways to get your blood and brain pumping. This should help ground you.

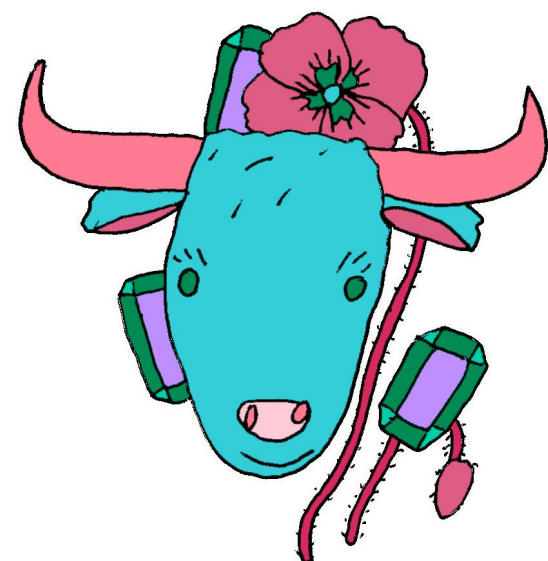


ARIES

### MAR 21 - APR 19

You've been feeling burned out dealing with family, friends, work, AND A PANDEMIC! So listen to that and take some time for reflection. For singles, if you heed that self care, you're going to have a SEXY Scorpio season! But watch out because that passion isn't going to be solely in bed. Try to keep your anger in check. Be careful about risky financial decisions. It is not the time for chances.

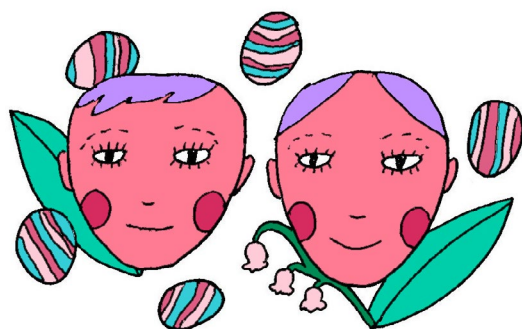




TAURUS

### APR 20 - MAY 20

You've been working harder than ever, but now is the time to let yourself be treated. Throw yourself into lovers and friends. Taurus has been looking for a sign - and not the coin you keep flipping, but a real one. It's coming this month, but there will still be challenges to overcome. You've been doing some secret manifesting, and it's about to appear. Those in your life are going to be surprised, but you know what you deserve.

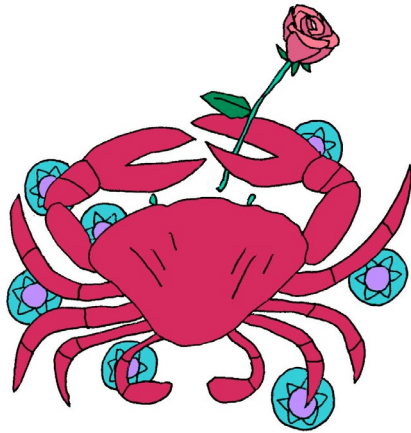


GEMINI

### MAY 21 - JUNE 21

This month, friends, family, or coworkers will help you make a romantic connection. One of your trusted elders is going to start making some real sense this month. Listen to her, even if it kills your pride to do so. Her advice: take things slow. You're prone to rash behavior that's been backfiring more than not lately (fueled by Mercury), but you can resist.





CANCER

**JUNE 22 - JUL 22**

Seeing as you just came out of a particularly sentimental time, family is going to be the smoothest thing about this month. You may feel that those in your life are asking a lot from you, but if you settle in to enjoy it, you won't get that fatigue.



LEO

**JUL 23 - AUG 22**

You need to recharge Leo! Instead of having a passionate Scorpio season, think more familial and platonically. Money is going to be flying around this month, but not completely in your favor. You'll need to focus as much as you can to keep it in your pockets.

@ZINE\_TIMES

TEGANIVERSEN.COM

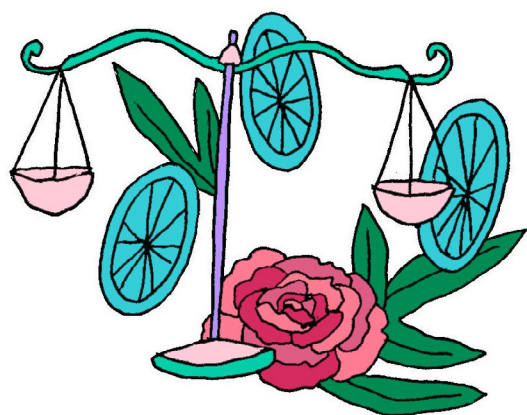




VIRGO

### AUG 23 - SEPT 22

You're on a social butterfly kick lately, so don't let it stop. Take time to decompress, but juice the world for what it has to offer (only if you're wearing a mask though). With the sun flying through Pisces, you're going to have your own ray of sunshine in the form of an amped up relationship.



LIBRA

### SEPT 23 - OCT 23

Avoid conflict with your romantic partner this month. Intensity is riding high, but that doesn't mean it's okay to say something you'll regret. Your health is going to be on the downswing, so listen to your body. Try to eat a little cleaner, and lay off the iced coffee.

PLUS listen to what Tegan had to say about 'Glamour' on Postscripts podcast







@MOJCA.KAMNIK  
FACEBOOK.COM/MOJCA.KAMNIK



WE ARE

FORGEE

TING

WHY WE

FOUGHT





PHOTO CREDITS (LEFT TO RIGHT) :  
NIKA HÖLCL PRAPER, TADEJ  
OSHLOVNIK

DIRECTOR OF WHY WE FOUGHT VIDEO:  
TADEJ OSHLOVNIK

**"WHY WE FOUGHT" MUSIC VIDEO**  
**"BURN OUT" MUSIC VIDEO**





**MOJCA KAMNIK**  
**WHY WE FOUGHT**

[FACEBOOK.COM/MOJCA.KAMNIK](https://www.facebook.com/mojca.kamnik)











I just thought I could do something about my favorite dress I've worn - I picked this lovely dress I wore in Fall 2012 when I participated in my school's fashion show.

**TWITTER.COM/THEANIMEDREAMER**



# COACHELLA

# O





N

# QUARANTINE

COACHELLA ON QUARANTINE | JULLMUA | BERLIN, GERMANY | [TENTER.ME](https://tenter.me) | [@JULLMUA](https://www.instagram.com/julmua)



MODEL: JULIETTE  
[@JHACEE\\_\\_](https://www.instagram.com/jhacee__)















# Queen



GLAMOUR can be an inner trait in anyone





This painting shows "the essential portable water supply" for all races on Earth.





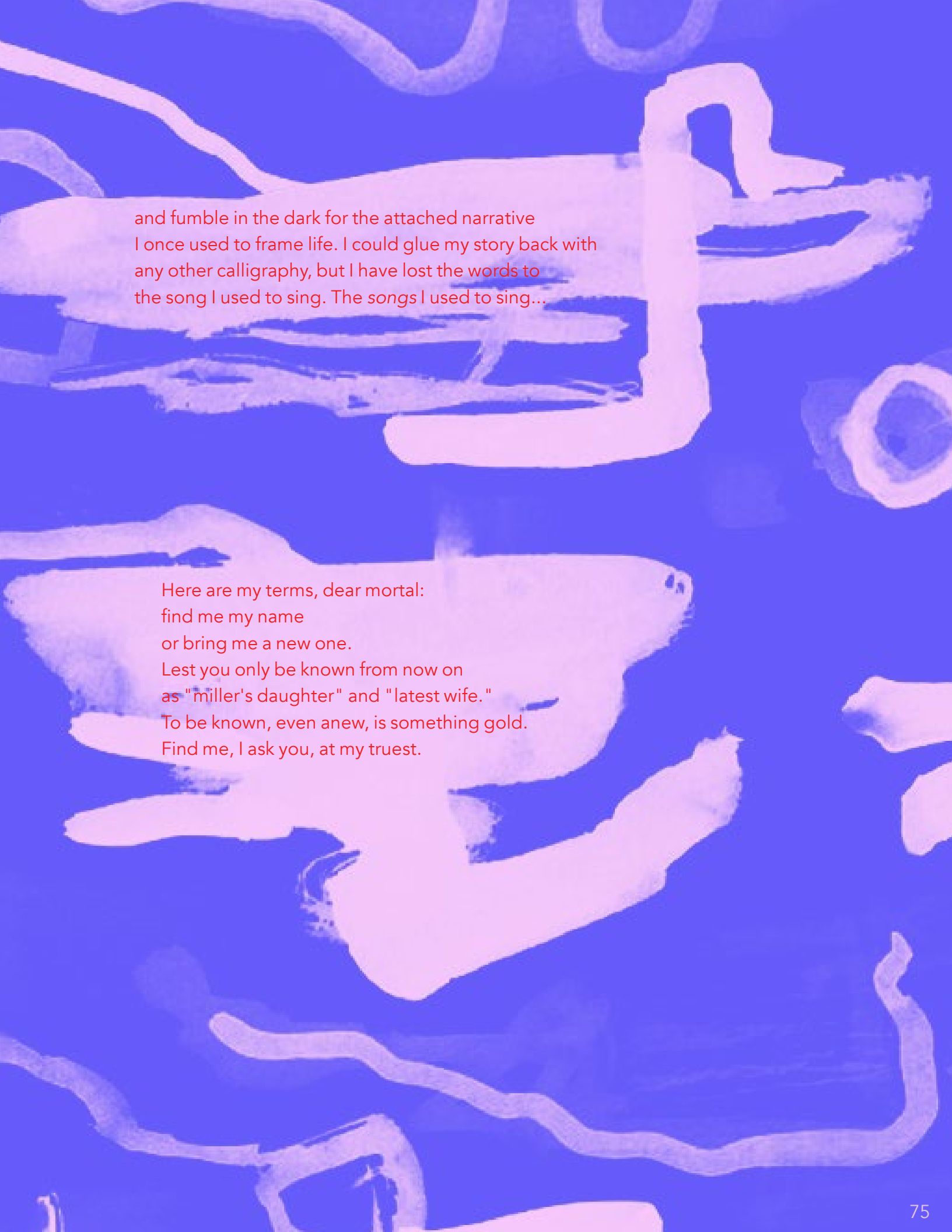


## ***{please name here}***

In an instant, the letters I inked shrank  
and dwindled away into the taloned grasp of  
their hands, and I lost my name.

I had signed away my name.  
Stumbled to the ground, weak and lightless  
from forgetting.  
Erased are the voices in my head,  
even the good ones:  
the rhythms of cheers,  
the scoldings with underlined sweetness,  
the shape of a mother's guidance,  
the chimes of someone I love calling my name.  
the things I made my own with signing before—!  
How did it go again? I lost the language for myself

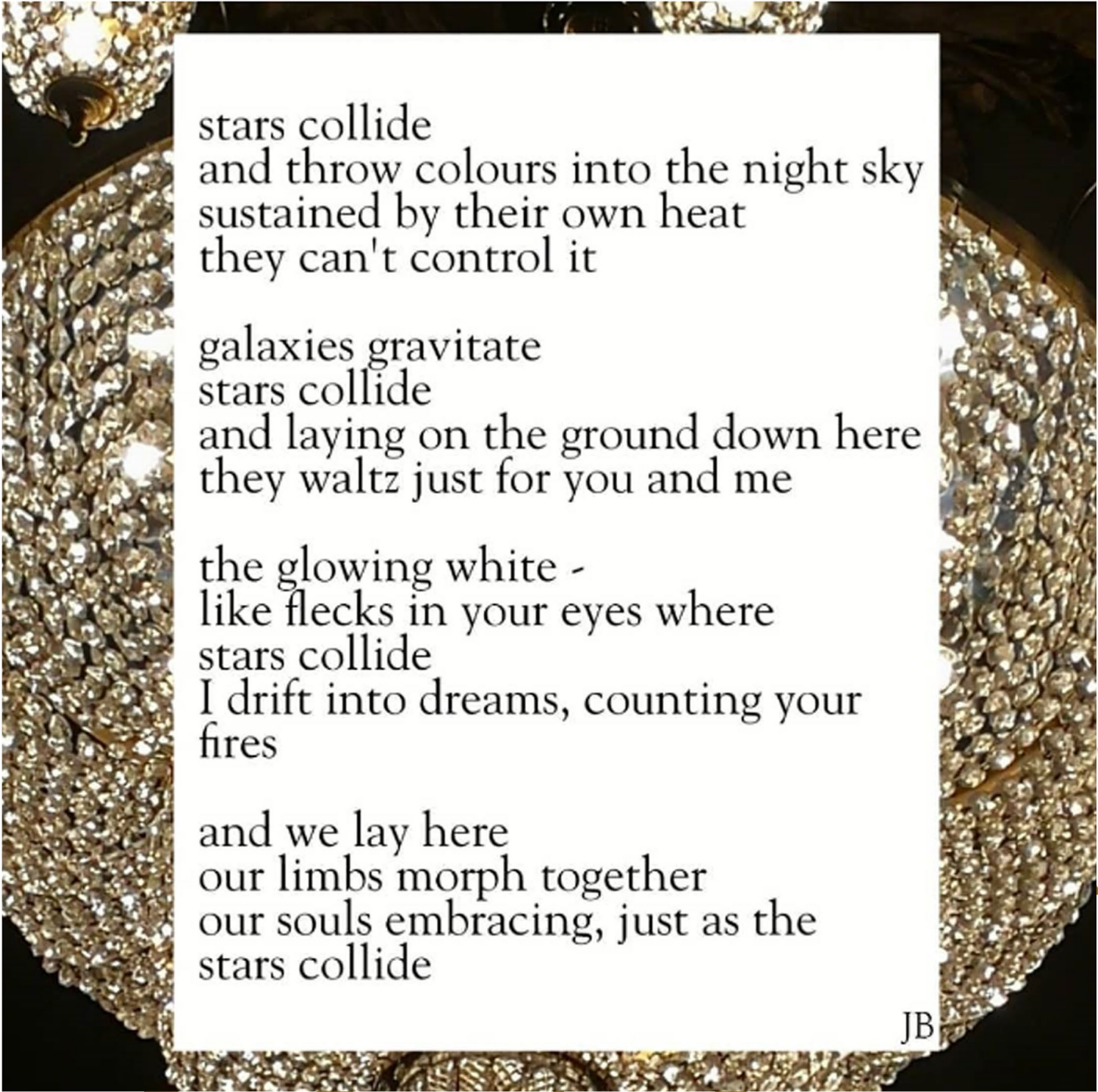




and fumble in the dark for the attached narrative  
I once used to frame life. I could glue my story back with  
any other calligraphy, but I have lost the words to  
the song I used to sing. The songs I used to sing...

Here are my terms, dear mortal:  
find me my name  
or bring me a new one.  
Lest you only be known from now on  
as "miller's daughter" and "latest wife."  
To be known, even anew, is something gold.  
Find me, I ask you, at my truest.





stars collide  
and throw colours into the night sky  
sustained by their own heat  
they can't control it

galaxies gravitate  
stars collide  
and laying on the ground down here  
they waltz just for you and me

the glowing white -  
like flecks in your eyes where  
stars collide  
I drift into dreams, counting your  
fires

and we lay here  
our limbs morph together  
our souls embracing, just as the  
stars collide

JB









# The lost summer





[thecourrier.weebly.com](http://thecourrier.weebly.com)  
[artistkday.weebly.com](http://artistkday.weebly.com)



**@MILICENT210**

**@I.AM.AIDEN.G**

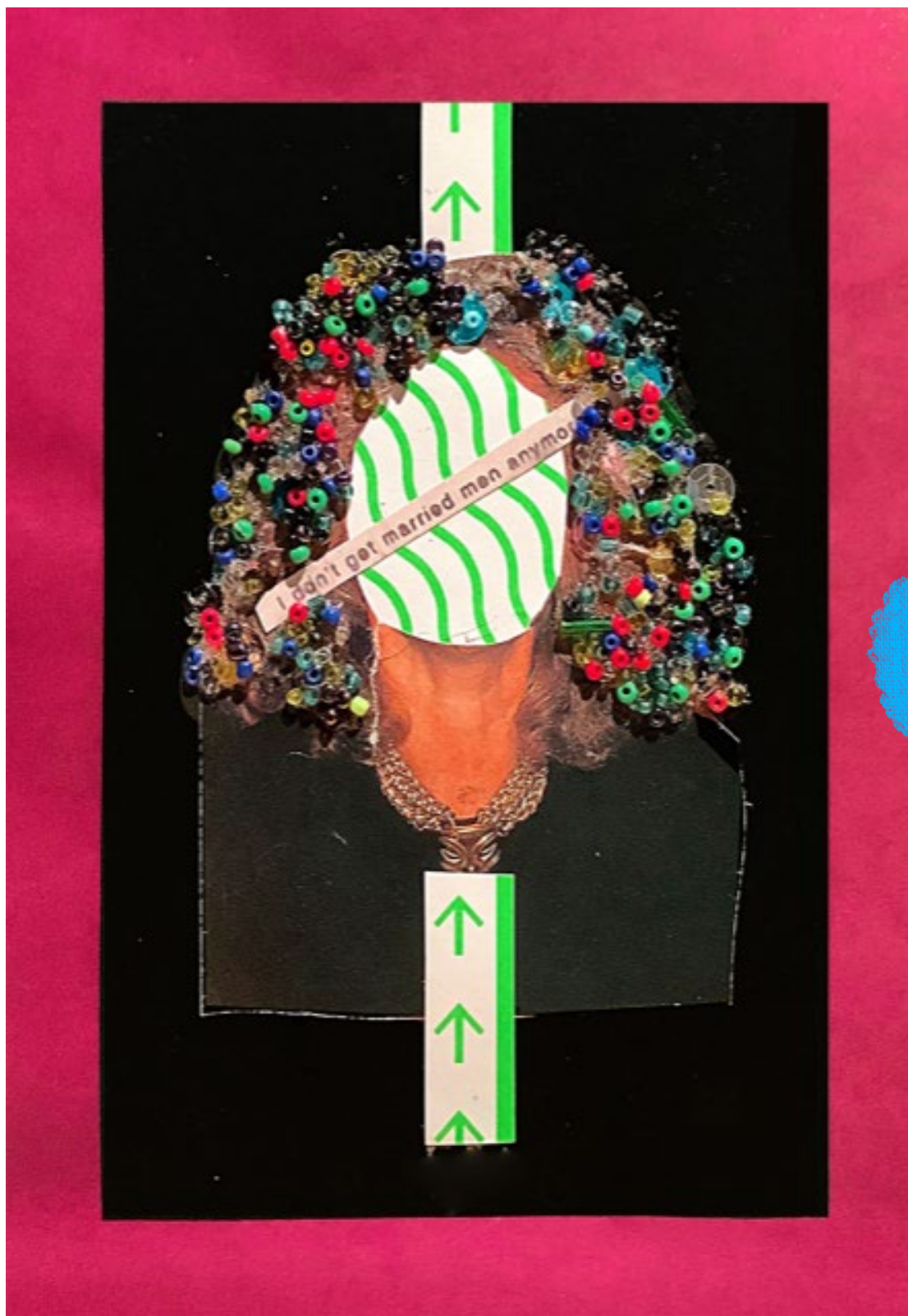
**@ARTIST.KDAY**

**Colored paper, acrylic paint, rhinestone and magazine collage on 8.5x11" paper, circa 2020. Made in San Antonio, Texas for the Pelham Art Center, New York: USPS Art Project**











YOUR  
GLAMOUR  
is  
ILLEGAL

1/8/20







a broken chain  
 holding the key to my past  
 an old wooden box  
 that once was close to my heart  
 a panoply of dreams gone stale  
 some flares of  
 treacherously joyful tales  
 the bonsai I planted few ages ago  
 a handful of borrowed sorrow  
 people I thought I can't live without  
 some of my insecurities and  
 few of my doubts  
 the ghost of his faint silvery touch  
 his shirt I had  
 with someone's lipstick smudge  
 my childhood home  
 with its lukewarm sunshine  
 the shackles around my heart  
 my confine  
 these are the things I left behind.

@CHAOSINLINE



My lungs are still filled with water  
 I swallowed when I jumped in the sea  
 to save your sinking dreams,

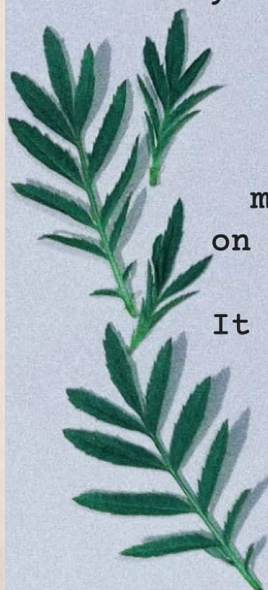
These fingers have calluses from  
 when you gripped them tighter  
 every time you shove me farther,

My knees are bloody, and bruised and weak  
 because you like it when I'm nothing  
 but a figurine in your lodging,

And can you see my ribs? missing from  
 my chest because I burned them for you  
 on a cold night as your nails were blue,

It has been years since I washed you off  
 but still I'm looking  
 to replace my parts  
 you left scarred  
 when you ripped out my heart.

@CHAOSINLINE









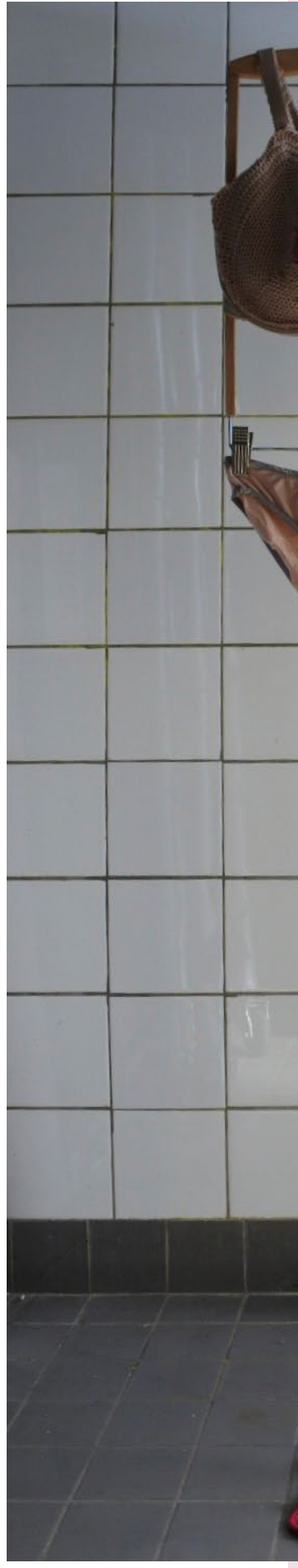






[LINKTR.EE/MADAMEMATRIX](https://linktr.ee/madamematrix)









Wouldn't it be nice if we could neglect the views on what sex is supposed to be and what we should look like, imposed by social - and other media. Girls and your women must be freed from that straitjacket!

Anneliek's Nieuwland's work is theatrical and outspoken. Her installations are realistic, scale 1:1. Her work is made with care: think of your average door with cute Christmas decorations, or a window that can be looked through from the inside as well as the outside. Everything elaborated in detail: the wall-paper, the bricks and even the crocheted curtains, everything matched to detail. The installations are supported by short films or sound effects. Peeking, voyeurism and viewing is a recurring motive. Such as peeking through the peephole in the front door or looking through a hole in the wall of a dirty public toilet. Anneliek grants the viewer to have a look at what we usually don't see: hairy legs, menstruation, sex or abortion.

Her work is often autobiographical, and the images used are sometimes explicit, but never dramatic.

It must be shown: the not so glamorous everyday life of women.

**ANNELIEK.COM**



# the music of soph

HELLO

SOUNDCL

YOU GO

I VIRTU

AND MY LUCK STARTS TO

HELLO

I KNOW

IN YOUR VEINS GOODNESS



ms

vd.com

sophs

ROW

FLOWS



click to listen to  
*You Got The Best*  
now on soundcloud





Named by my granddaughter,  
as this is up the street from her  
home and the wind was blowing  
open the driver's side door.









@SMARINUCCI.ART





GIRLS

ON

FILM



Life is beautiful, but it's also complicated and puts a strain on all of us. It has its ups and downs, and for this reason, the light that makes us feel alive is often extinguished in us. It is important to rediscover that light and live peacefully with ourselves and with others. We should accept, respect and love ourselves and feel free to be who we really are. No one should make us feel wrong.



It is true: we are different because we are unique, and we are perfect in our imperfections. It's hard to learn to love yourself, but it's important to do it to live serenely despite criticism and discrimination. We are free. We are free to be ourselves. We are free to be whatever we want to be. I took this picture on a day when I was down. I am very self-critical, but that day I decided to talk to myself with a positive attitude, and I expressed my emotions by creating this!







# *Sticking My Neck Out for* **BURBERRY**

The worst gift I ever received was a monogrammed Burberry scarf. Not because it wasn't gone but because my friends made fun of me for having it—and liking it.

It was set up to be an evening like many others before it. I stepped out of the cold January air into a place so familiar it was practically my own. I was the last one to arrive; they were all on the floor, cross-legged, leaning back with one hand shallowly submerged in the weave of the carpet, the necks of their respective ten-dollar bottles of wine, the caps screwed on just enough so as to provide quick and easy access to the sweet, burning liquid inside. I left my slushy boots at the door, cracked leather chair before taking my place in the circle, electing to leave my scarf on for a little while. The room made its way to the nape of my neck and down my spine to the tips of my feet. We chatted about night club horror stories, lazy smiles spread across our faces. I don't remember much of what was said, but I managed to turn the group's attention to me.

"Is that a Burberry scarf?" one girl pointed out with a mild air of incredulity.

"Don't tell me those are your initials on it," another almost scoffed.

Everyone turned to evaluate for themselves. Suffice it to say, I was alone in owning such an item, and I reluctantly displaying the scarf for my friends. I was hoping it would look non-descript enough for a knock-off; I had gingerly folded it in a way that would at least hide the monogramming at the bottom. The work had come undone.

The scarf was a gift from my parents – To keep you warm during winters in the Snow Belt, they said. I loved myself when I opened it on Christmas morning; my brother had received one the year prior and so had that of my friends: "that's really nice, but I could never wear that." While I won't deny that I could never like to wear flashy, extravagant things.

But I did wear it. I had to. You don't leave a gift like that in the box. And you know what? I love it. It looks good with everything. It makes me feel classy, put-together, powerful. It was my own. But, even I can admit that the phrase "monogrammed Burberry scarf" is loaded. I shifted my gaze flit from the scarf to each other in knowing, wide-eyed glances. I was admittedly wary of wearing it. The pattern was "in" at the moment and my parents would have been really hurt if I didn't wear it, so for a test drive was a low-key evening with my good friends. In that moment, though, I knew that I was not.

"You're like, the max amount of rich that I can be friends with," one shared so matter-of-factly on this opinion for a while.

"Yeah, any wealthier and I'd probably hate you," another chimed in.

I felt heat rise up in my body and pool in patches of pink along my neck and atop my ears. I was just joking, but they simply laughed a little too hard and moved on to another topic. I could feel the floor of the room grew distant and my eyes fell to fix on my ankles crossed in my lap, my hands fidgeting. I tried to get back into the rhythm of the night, but I'd fallen out of sync. Had I fallen out of touch?

While my pals probably didn't think twice about the things they said that night, their words were in my brain days later. Side comments they'd previously made began to make more sense. When I told my friends in Southampton

every summer, they were surprised when I clarified that it was a small beach town in Ontario; the Hamptons. Another friend once marveled at how "well-adjusted" I am after learning I went to private school. Silly questions about what it was like going to school in a castle and wearing a uniform like in G



geous, or timeless, or soft as hell,  
ir into my friends' student house –  
or already, sitting in unison –  
other closed tightly around the  
event spillage but not enough to  
or and draped my wooly coat on a  
le longer while the heat in the  
ed about classes and swapped  
as said that night, but something

em. I laughed a little awkwardly,  
or them to assume it was a trendy  
ottom, but my

e tag had read. I was surprised  
I had had a similar reaction to  
et certain designer items, I don't

is the softest thing I may ever  
in my seat as I watched my peers'  
earing it at school, but the  
so I thought a safe place to take it  
at I'd miscalculated.  
ly I wondered if she'd been sitting

waited for them to admit they  
ld feel my back stiffen as the din  
ting with the cuffs of my jeans. I  
h, too?

vere still rattling around in my  
d them about how I visit family

ey'd assumed I meant the  
rivate school and would ask me  
ossip Girl or Harry Potter.







Here's the thing: I know everything they could ever want—vacations, laptops, or even cars—because I try not to take anything for granted and I take pains caring for everything I have. I tried not to rely on my parents for anything like funding the tuition for my college education. I could have prepared me for anything.

For the entirety of my first year, I worked on a project with a kid whose dad was a movie theatre owner. He had such palatial houses and beautiful gardens. The people shaped my idea of 'wealth.' I had Holt Renfrew or Whole Foods. I had an expensive street complete with a parking lot, a court, and/or (at least one) car.

It wasn't until I came to university that every time I heard my friends talk about crowdfunding their exchanges, I felt like I had offset the cost of school, which was really, really lucky—but I knew I was.

Maybe it shouldn't have been. I was on my way out of the friend zone. I had wardrobe choices and all? I had answers, but I did get the hunch.

The only thing that made me go to class one afternoon, a girl who was stunned by the fact that my friend had identified with, that I only had a few feet about how much we lost. It spread across my face and I was for wearing an expensive sweater for an evening. At the same time, I did, then there isn't anything



I am one of the privileged few who can say that their parents are able to provide them with what they want and more—whether it was school tuition, dance classes, voice lessons, residence fees, Burberry scarves. But, in spite of that fact I've never really seen myself as rich. Perhaps it's a byproduct of it for granted; I work hard for my education to make sure my parents' investment pays off, I save every book, phone, or pair of jeans I've ever owned to ensure it lasts as long as possible. I've been frugal whenever possible, whether it's small acts like buying my own textbooks or bigger moves like saving for my study abroad. Yet, none of these experiences or exercises in humility and self-awareness made me feel like what it felt like to be the "rich" friend, in all its isolating, uncomfortable glory.

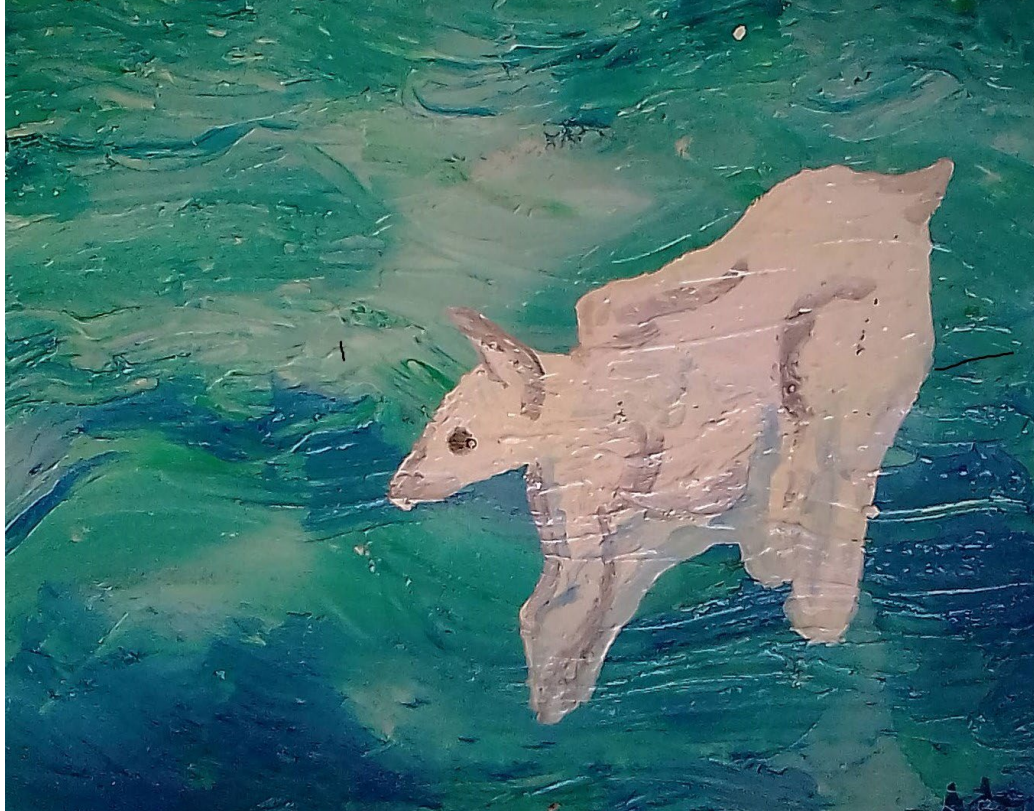
Formative years, I brushed elbows with children that lead lives I could only dream of. I did a group project with a big tech CEO, had classes with the progeny of a UN Ambassador, did a talent show with a tech tycoon, and was locker neighbors with the heiress of a pizza empire. Some of my classmates had beautiful yards that movies and television shows scouted them for shooting locations. These kids were "rich," and in this world, I was clearly no such thing. My family shops at Winners and Costco, not Nordstroms. Unlike most of my classmates, we didn't have a cottage or boat, or live in a big house on an island with a (full) three-car garage, pool, trampoline, tree house, home movie theatre, basketball court, and pedigree dog.

At university that I started to feel more like Veronica Lodge than Betty Cooper. I got a reality check from friends lamenting their student debt, anxiously awaiting their OSAP to come through, or seeing them on the internet, things I'd never had to even consider. They'd be working two jobs during the year to make ends meet while I applied for part-time jobs to boost my resume and earn a little spending money. I was naive to think I knew now that knowing that doesn't change much.

It came as a surprise when my friends made those comments, but it did catch me off guard. Was I overreacting? Did I just need to tone it down? Should I have to? Do they not accept me for who I am, or do they think I'm who I am problematic? Was I making a big deal out of nothing? Were they? I didn't have all the answers, but I knew that I needed to be more aware of my privilege, even around those closest to me.

It made me feel a little more at ease following that January night was talking to a stranger. On my way home, a girl walking down the steps beside me pointed out that she had the same scarf as I did. I was so proud of my monogrammed Burberry scarf, my most personally unique item, was the one that this stranger had. She had the time and composure to say "oh really? That's incredible!" We chatted for a few more minutes before we went our separate ways. In that brief exchange, I felt a small smile and a weight lift off my shoulders. Did it hurt when my friends implied that I was borderline obscene for wearing that scarf my parents gave me? A little, sure, but I could concede that I was a tad overdressed for such a casual setting. Did I think owning a monogrammed Burberry scarf made me a bad person? No—and if they asked me, I could say, or do, or wear to change that.





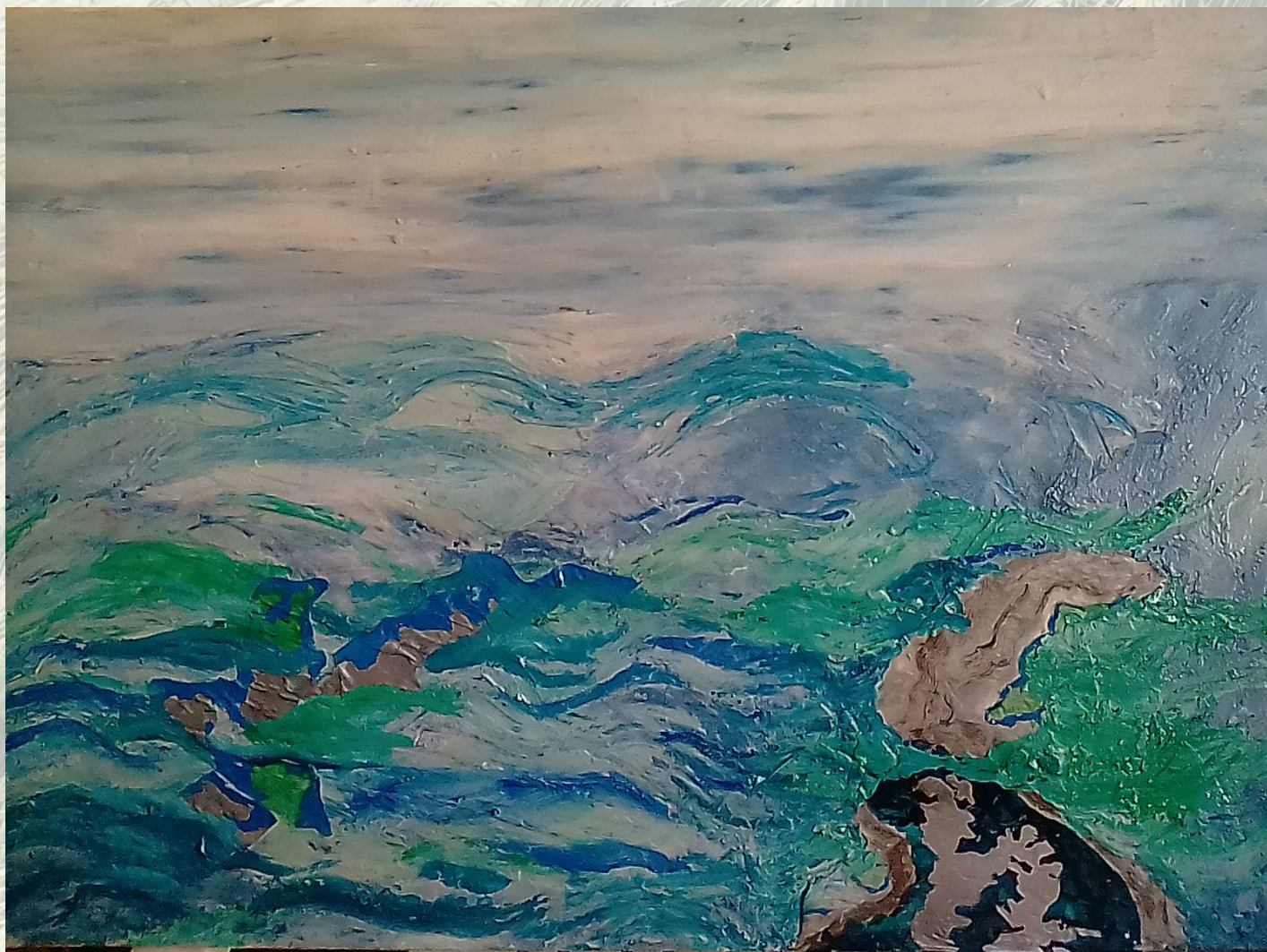
This series is about global warming and climate change.

My artwork reflects the relationships with nature and the environment in times of COVID-19. After this adversity, the world will be better: more creative and with more solidarity. This emergency is already a step for a better world. Relationships will change: people will be more simple and equal. We will socialize more honestly. The poor people will be accepted and included in society, and we will enjoy simple things.

After this adversity, people will be more careful with nature. Climate change will be reconsidered and young people will listen more in relation to CLIMA's claims. Global warming will be accepted, and people will enjoy landscapes and nature. Artists will change the form of work and will work more in open spaces and in "plein air".

My artwork speaks about a better world, in a spiritual vision of nature and relationships: nature/culture.









Victoria Valuk is an artist from Europe. She lives and works in Belarus. She entered the art world with great passion and inspiration. She likes to evoke emotions and capture philosophy and beauty in her art works. Victoria had solo art exhibitions in different countries and also participated in international group exhibitions. Victoria Valuk's art is a tribute to life, nature, aesthetics and beauty.





# BLUSHING BLOSSOMS

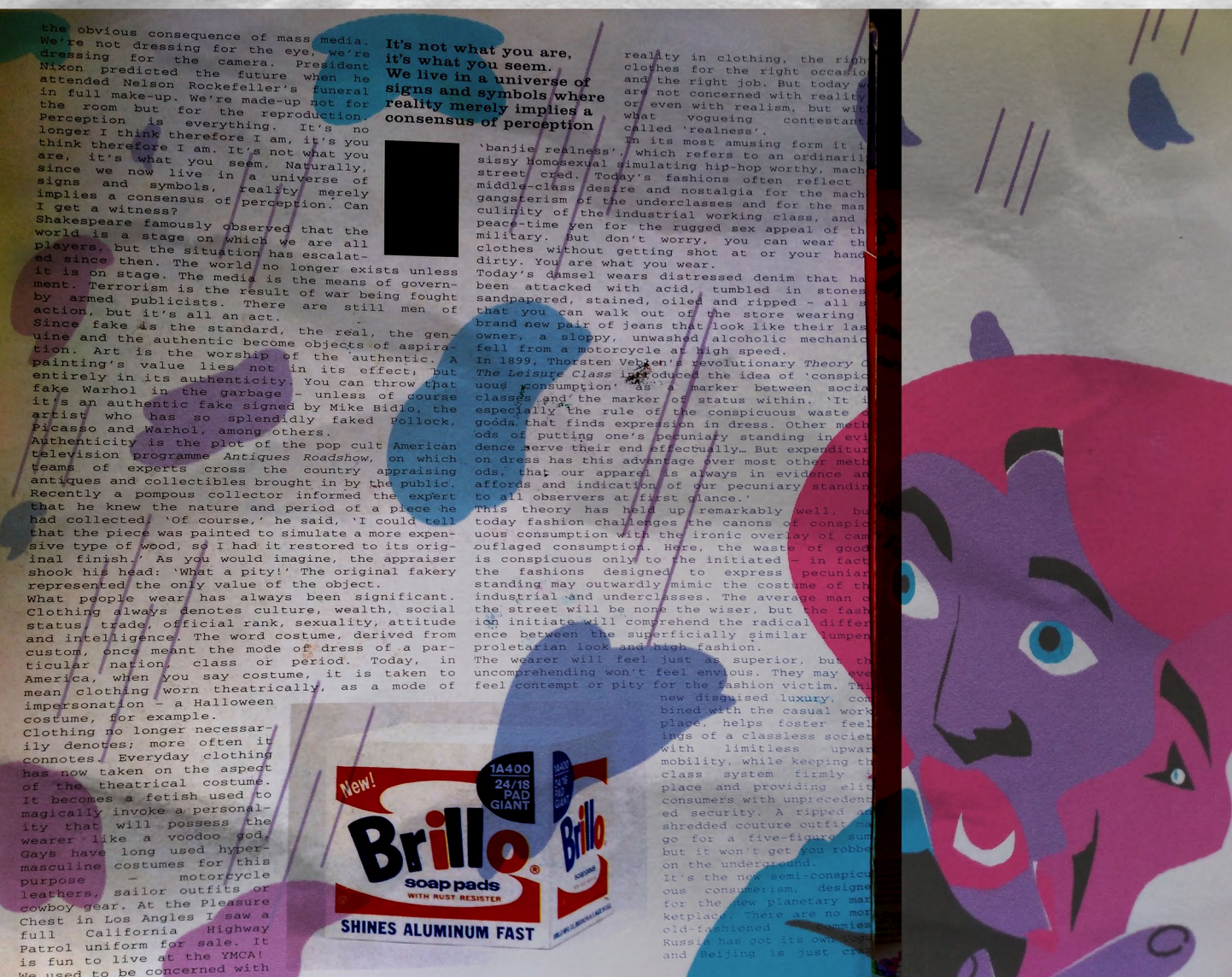




@HELOSTALACTITE



is is a collage with many processes that I like and that try to create visual conversations, followed by the collage. I used a magazine page, scanned/printed another manual collage on top, and in part 2, which is the continuation of the text, I combined it with an illustration that I love. This combination was perfect for expressing the possibilities regarding the theme within the collage.





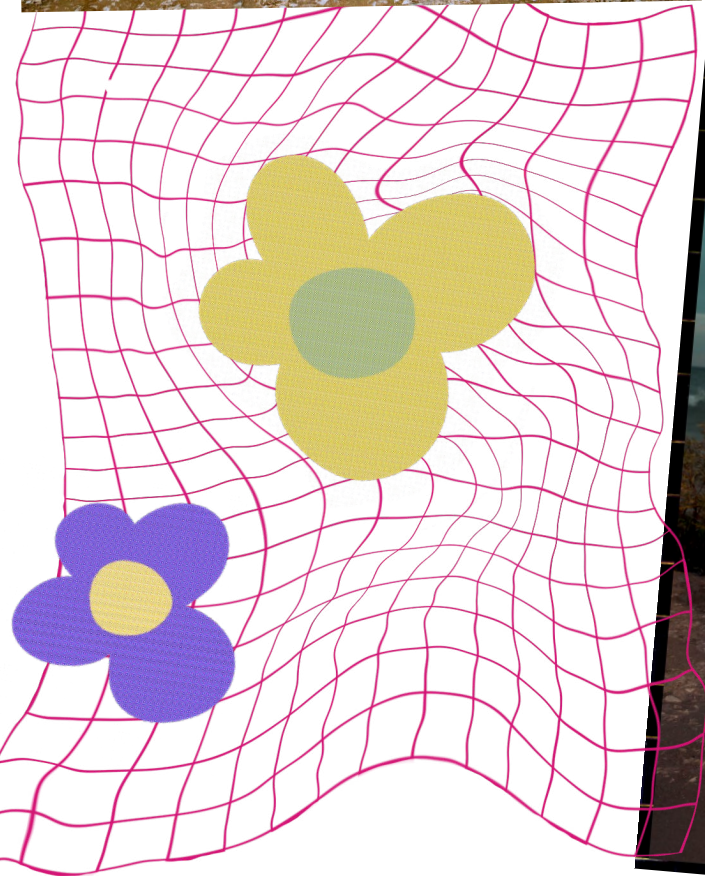


@PERIOD.STAIN2.0



# VIRGO MOON

PHOTOGRAPHY: HALLE HIROTA  
MODEL: THE VIRGO QUEEN (JADEN MACPHEE)  
[@THEVIRGOQUEEN.TO](https://www.thevirgoqueen.to)



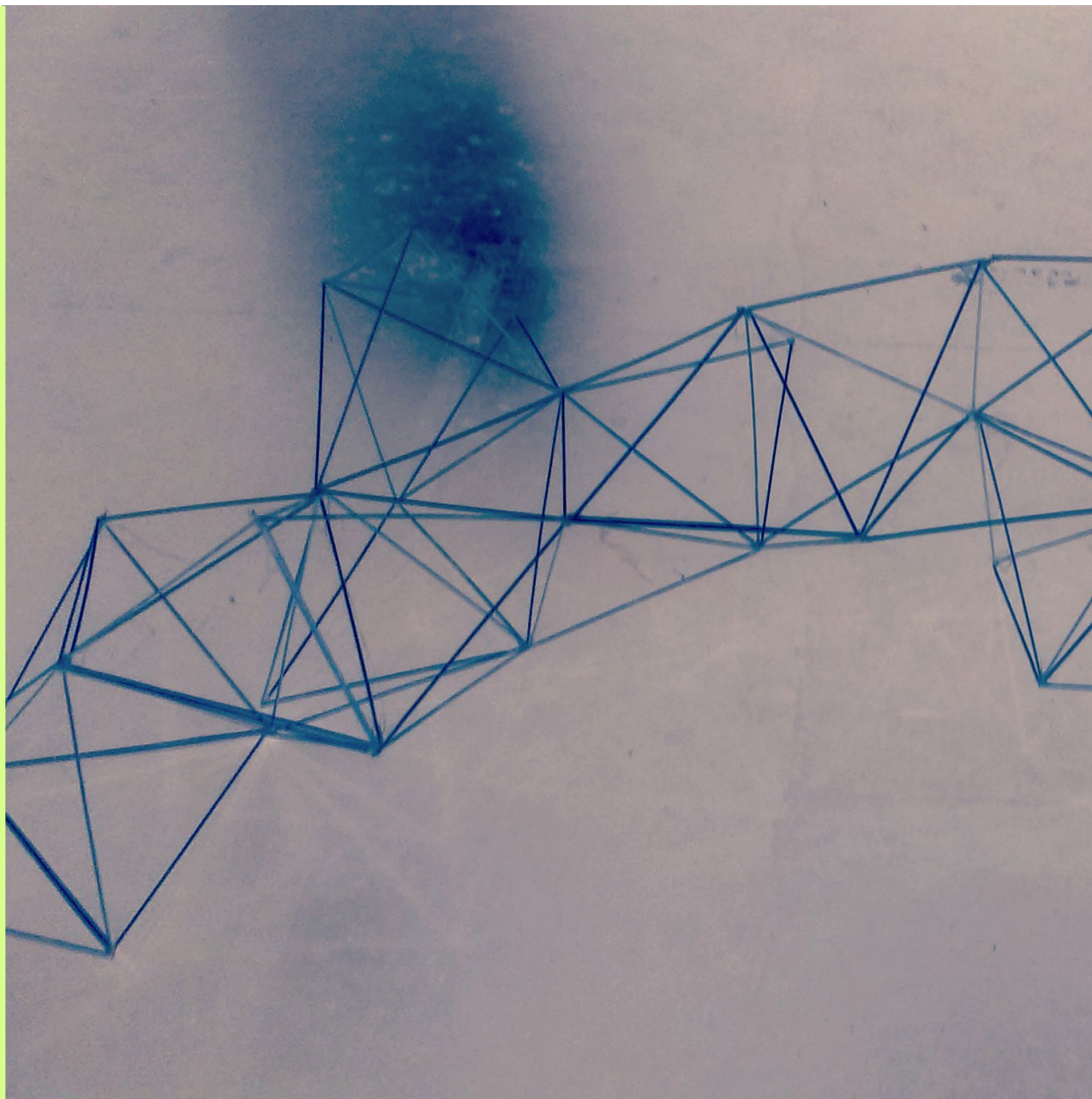












← Teri Anderson  
that looks into t  
in art, textiles, i  
sculpture to c  
or surreal enviro  
the audience h  
The work links t  
and how textil  
their family his  
sample machini  
cutters. Buildin  
proposes an art  
incorporates  
technique into  
discipline of



creates work  
the idea of craft  
installation and  
create a linear  
environment which  
has to inhabit.  
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es were key in  
tory including  
sts and pattern  
ng on this Teri  
practise which  
a craft based  
the art-based  
installation.











MOSAICS





PODCAST



VOLUME 1



@POLEMICAL  
ZINE



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